

The hands of fate

by fireprincessyunara

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Summary: Jule is a young elite who managed to get himself into a sticky situation. Doll is the daughter of a spartan who will do anything to save a life, when she encounters Jule she is determined to save him, even if he doesn't want her to.

1. Chapter 1

****The hands of Fate.****

Chapter one: proud and strong.

His name was Jule 'Vadam he was by far a well to do Sangheili, one who had climbed up the ladder in ranks in the military, a young elite who followed his brothers out on the battlefield, leading his men out to fight for the name of the covenant, for the great journey. They had just come from a recent battle, and from the looks of where they were advancing, they were headed to the human colonized planet called Reach, but it looked like it will be a long time before they get there. He smiled to himself, as he looked down at his dark Blue helmet, turning it in his hands before setting it back down on his lap, he sighed, there were rumors of him being promoted, it was a great honor to be promoted, to be a zealot was his goal, at least, for the time being, he had always made his goals short once he had entered the army, he wasn't stupid, he knew that the enemy they face was able to take out his kind, he knew that the cocky die first, so he had always planned only a few years ahead, or a few ranks, killing his opponents and gaining his right to be promoted. Jule was humble though, he wasn't the kind who would boast about his kills, not like the Jiralhanae who constantly barked out orders, and bragged about the humans they have killed. Jule never liked them, and he couldn't understand why such a race as theirs would be allowed into the covenant army. He shrugged letting the thought slide as he prepared himself for battle, making sure that his armor was clean and that he had his weapons on him, a new plasma rifle he had picked up after his was made useless in the last battle, and an energy sword which was probably done charging, the life in that thing was so low it was sad.

Placing his armor back on and snapping his weapons onto the magnetic belt around his waist. He walked out of his room and smiled, bowing politely whenever he came in contact with a higher ranking Sangheili, and there was a little skip in his step as he approached his commanding officer.

There wasn't much on this backwater planet, nothing big, but that's just what they wanted others to think, ONI, knew better and so made a base on the little planet so that they could do their research, A man in his thirties walked purposely through the white halls of the ONI research facility, he had some great news on the new armor he was working on, it was going to blow the minds of his colleagues, at least that was what he had hoped, after having kids he didn't seem to have time to pour himself into his research, but it wasn't like he didn't like that, he loved his children, both of them, they reminded him so much of their mother. He smiled, they were older now, and somehow he was able to keep a happy and healthy family relationship. He pushed his bangs back, smiling from ear to ear; he couldn't wait to get home, to tell his kids, to tell them that he made advancements in the Spartan armor, something that will keep their mother alive longer. He opened the door leading to his boss's office he straightened out, and stopped smiling; he had to be professional about this.

"You have something for me?" his boss asked, she was an elderly woman, one who had been part of ONI since before the war, working on bettering human kind, and was one of the few scientist who had a hand in the creation of the Spartan project.

"Yes I do, and advancement in the armor, I think you might like," He smiled brightly as he closed the door, and pulled out his laptop to show her what he had done.

Doll and Zero were seventeen years old, and still not enjoying high school, Zero gave up on trying fitting in with the normal kids and joined a military school, he was going to enlist anyways so it only seemed right. Doll couldn't do it, she would love to follow her brother everywhere he went, but that was one of the few places she refused to go. Doll had said goodbye to her twin years ago, and she was lucky that he was still on planet with her. She didn't want to fight, and dealt with the name calling and the fact that she didn't have any friends, she could live without having friends, she had been since she was a little girl, she could continue on.

"Will you be coming with me when dad leaves?" she asked her brother while she was walking to school; he was on his own break and took the time to call his twin.

"I don't think I'm allowed to leave, but i will ask, i mean having parents in the service has its perks," he replied smugly.

"Dad is an ONI scientist, i don't think that counts as being in the service, mom however counts," Doll elaborated, she stopped in front of her school and sighed. "Hey bro, I'm at school now, I'll talk to you later?" she asked.

There was a long pause, "i would prefer to talk to you now sis, i don't know when I'll get some free time, when does school start?" he asked, he wouldn't actually say that he missed his little sister, but he did, for a guy who woke up every morning and raced his sister to the kitchen, or to the phone, who sparred with him, and always had his

back, he missed that, he missed her.

"I guess i could be late," she smiled, checking the time on her watch. She looked around and found a nice place to sit and hide away from the security guards who patrol the area making sure kids got to class.

"Thanks," Zero whispered.

"Don't mention it, i mean, you are my brother, and it's not like I'm going to see you any time soon," she said.

"Yeah, so, how are you today?" Zero asked after an awkward silence on the phone.

"I'm tired, and excited, in a few days mom is stopping by, I'm trying to get everything ready, it's been three years since we saw her, and it's been even longer since we saw her in person," she said her words getting faster as her excitement grew.

"Will mom come see me to?" Zero asked, he kicked at the tile floor underneath him.

"Yeah, we all will," Doll said with a reassuring smile, not that he could see it, but it made her feel better.

"I have to go now Doll, I'll see you when mom comes home," He said.

"Watch the stars with me?" she asked, it was a pointless question, but it was a something that they did since they were five, stare at the stars and guess where their mom was stationed, or where earth was, and on rare occasions where their father was located, they did that every night, so it was a very normal question for her.

There was another long pause, and then Zero finally spoke up, "Yeah, we can look for our stars tonight."

Doll smiled, giggled then hanged up the phone, she looked both ways then wondered off towards the school, opened the door to her class.

"How is it that you're the child of a Spartan and yet you come to school late?" Her teacher asked as she took her seat.

"I'm sorry, i woke up late," she lied.

2. waiting: Zero Kingston

AN: there is some language, so if you don't like hearing people yell the F word then don't read this, if you really don't care by all means continue on ^w^

disclaimer!

** Doll: the author doesn't own halo.**

Zero: or anything related to it.

****Jule:** so please don't think that she does, have an enjoyable read.**

Chapter 2: The Wait; Zero Kingston.

The planet So-Mahng, founded by the Korean's before it was colonized, was almost useless, it grew nothing special, and was too small to hold any real importance, so most people wondered why it was called hope.

So-Mahng had three military bases, and six military schools, two large cities, and you could six military schools, two large cities, and you could guess the rest. Zero was stationed in one of the schools, a city away from his beloved twin. He had entered with all confidence that everything would be different, that he wouldn't be picked on for what he was, that he would be respected for his natural talents, but of course that wasn't the case. In fact the teasing and insults just got worse, but Zero was determined not to let them get to him, he wanted to fight, he wasn't going to throw it all away because of those ass holes.

"Hey Spartan Jr. Ready for drill?" one boy asked with a smug smile plastered on his pale pasty face.

Zero didn't look up, he didn't even reply.

The Kid made a face of irritation then shrugged. "Just like you Spartans to be the silent show off types."

"I'm not a Spartan," Zero sighed narrowing his eyes as he continued to stare at his hands.

"Yeah well you might as well be," the kid spat before he left to the field.

Zero sighed deeply; this was the third time today that he had to deal with that. He was used to it, at least that was what he had thought, and continued to believe.

"Kingston, Marine, not a Spartan," Zero sighed as he got up and sprinted halfway across the campus to the field where they were to do drills.

â€|

Drill wasn't as bad as he had thought, he had improved from the last time he went through it, keeping up with everyone else, but not overdoing it where everyone would start bashing on him. He smiled proud of his progress, and he knew his parents would be too.

The next thing on their to-do list was an assimilated battle, to test how well they can handle themselves and work as a team. Never have they used live rounds that was reserved for later, for the real battles, or on the odd chance of being attacked by covies, they would be able to protect themselves and their home. Today they were going into four rounds, the bullets were nothing more than lasers, if hit by one the training armor would freeze them in place until the game ended or was reset by the team medic. Their job and training was to drag the frozen bodies to a safe place and reboot their suits. The team only ever got one medic, and once they have lost said medic, it

was over, they would have to haul ass in order to win. Zero loved it when they ran through that training sure sometimes he would lose, but more than half the time they would be victorious, and he loved winning.

It was the end of the second round, the score was even, one for blue and one for red, the teams switched out players every round so that no child was left out, the last round was the one that determined everything, and that meant that Zero was going to be their big hitter, well, for whatever team they place him on.

"Hey the Spartan in on red team again," a kid whispered, thinking that he wasn't going to be heard, however Zero heard him, loud and clear, sometimes it paid to have better hearing than others, but it was also a curse.

"Hey Jr. Try not to leave us in the dirt okay?" one of his own teammates asked, his voice soaked in his sarcasm.

"I'll try," Zero tried to smile, but failed and instead he turned out to be looking intently at the buckles of his leg armor, clicking it into place before he took up his red helmet, and placed it on his head, twisting it slightly back and forth until he heard the familiar hiss of the airlocks on his suit.

There were four shooters plus one medic. That made it a five on five simulated game. They were indoors testing one of the newer equipment from the UNSC; the new platform was plain gray with little dots on it, and such. Zero was placed with the rest of his team backed up into one corner, their medic behind him.

"Don't worry, I'll watch your six," the medic sang, the voice was soft and almost innocent like, Zero smiled and nodded his head.

"Thank you Emma," he said softly.

"That's Tate, Kingston," Emma said with a light smile before she shot a man in the leg, she was never too keen on shooting to kill but rather just to injure.

"Alright Tate, just for now we'll be professional," He smirked shooting another opponent in the face.

"Someone got hit to our right, i need to get to them," Emma shouted, the sounds of gunfire were louder than she had thought.

Zero nodded his head and moved out of the way, "I'll cover you," he said the joy and excitement were gone from his eyes, as he became serious. Nothing was more important than a teammate's wellbeing.

"Thanks, now let's get going!"

The two ran off, pausing at every corner to make sure no one was on the side, or behind them, and then quickly ran in. The first one they found was the pasty skinned kid; his face was that of intense irritation, he must have been stuck like that for a long time.

"Oh look, if it isn't the Spartan that came to my rescue," he said

sarcastically as always.

Emma smacked him and he glared at her.

"He isn't a Spartan, he is a student here, and if you don't shut up I'll leave you here like this," she hissed dangling the unlock key in front of his face.

His eyes grew wide, if Emma decided to leave him like that then his entire body would fall asleep, and he would be in intense pain for more than a few hours.

"Fine I'll stop," he yipped.

"Good," Emma smiled triumphantly as she slid the unlock card into the slot in the back of his helmet, resetting the entire armor.

"There Hunter, now try not to get shot again," Emma sighed.

Hunter grunted as he sat up, glared at Zero, and then picked up his gun. "You better hope Kingston can protect you," he whispered.

"I'll have a better chance, at protecting her than you," Zero said coldly, he stood protectively in front of Emma, as if Hunter was going to try and kill her.

Hunter growled, and then ran off, and Zero knew that they would meet again on the battle field, the boy never looked around, and he was always the first one to go down.

"There another fifteen feet in front of us," she said.

Zero thought about it, a 3-D model of the training room taking form in his head, zooming in and out, and twisting around corners until he found what he was looking for.

"He's in the middle of the arena, it's too dangerous," Zero said, but it was too late, Emma was already gone.

Zero groaned then ran after her, keeping watch for anyone who might try and take her out.

"This isn't safe Tate," Zero yelled.

"I can't just let him let him lay there!" Emma yelled back.

There was no arguing with her once she made up her mind, all he could do was follow her, and make sure she was safe.

When they got there Emma pulled out the unlock key and unfroze her teammate.

Once he was moving again he thanked her, and picked up his gun, only to be shot again. Zero raised his gun and shot in the direction the other shot came from, but the laser hit nothing, nothing at all. He panicked, if he couldn't shut down the man, who shot his teammate, then Tate was next on the list, and that wasn't going to fly. Zero fell into an over protective state, becoming more paranoid then before, but no matter how paranoid he was, it still wasn't enough. The medic, that was the single thought in his head, the one thing

that taunted him, he hadn't done it, no one had taken out blue's medic, it was the only reason why blue team was still up and running, and now they all came at the two at once. They rushed Zero and Emma, they knew that they had to get Emma first or Zero would keep coming back.

Emma took a shot in the back and she fell to the ground with a soft thud. Zero's eyes widened when he saw her fall, he screamed in rage and took her gun knowing that the unlock key was rendered useless once she fell; he turned around and swiftly dodged the next few shots by an inch. It only took a few seconds but all the blues had been frozen and the simulation training had ended with red team victorious.

Their superiors opened the large metal door that separated the arena from the monitoring room, and main hall. They clapped their hands as they moved aside so that the real medics could get in and take care of the fallen teens.

"Well done Kingston, just as always," one of the men said with a wide smile.

Zero bowed his head, he didn't look the man in the eyes he was far too embarrassed to do so.

"I don't deserve that praise, i failed, i wasn't able to keep my team alive," he whispered sadly.

The man knelt down in front of Zero and placed a hand on his armored shoulder.

"So, we can't expect you to be able to save everyone, but if this was a real battle, every victory means that more lives will be saved."

>Zero nodded his head, stood up and saluted the man, once the adults left, Zero went to Emma, who was leaning against one of the many walls. She had taken off her helmet and was running her fingers through the thick braid of dark brown hair that was once rolled up into a bun.<p>

"I'm sorry Emma."

She looked up at him and smiled warmly at him, "It's alright, we won right?" she asked.

"It's not alright, if we were using live rounds, or if we were being attacked by the Covenant, you would have died, and it would have been my fault!"

Emma took Zero's face into her hands and gave him a stern look. "we weren't using live rounds, and if the covenant attacked we would have already been evacuated, also this is why we have the simulated training, because the Covenant isn't like how humans are, we aren't used to the way they fight, and we have to be ready, so stop worrying, you did good, and i know you'll save me if the time came," she smiled, letting go of his face and standing up, picking up her helmet. She smiled at him on more time then turned to leave.

"You did well, Son of Spartan-B312," she waved at him then left.

He smiled a little, she was one of the only people he knew, who thought having a Spartan as a mom was cool, and even though she won't call him a Spartan she still hinted at the fact that he was.

"I guess i did do well," he smiled as he walked out of the training area and headed towards the showers. He hated the smell of sweat and whatever cheap fabric the body suits were made out of, it gave a distinct odor when mixed, and it grew in intensity depending on what activity you were doing while wearing it, it got so bad where once everyone who wore it had to take a shower five times before they smelt somewhat decent. One of the many perks to graduating was the upgrade on body suits, the military didn't have the crappy material he did, and that was probably because the enemy could have smelt them a planet away.

Yesterday Zero had called his twin sister; he had missed the old days where they didn't know what they were, where it wasn't so obvious. He found out that his mother was coming to see them; it wasn't long or often that they see their mother, most of the time she would send in video cards of her during break wherever she was currently stationed, it was mostly video chats though, she was far too busy being the assassin she was born to be. Zero had realized how much they looked like their mother; they had her red eyes and soft face, the naturally thin perfectly shaped eyebrows, and the thickness of hair, however lucky for them they had inherited their father's strait hair, another thing they had gotten from their mother was all of the enhancements that she was given when she became a Spartan, for some reason it transferred down to them, though they are thankful for it, it also caused some problems His sister and his skin were dark, however because their father was Japanese the dark brown skin tone of their mother was toned down to a light brown shade, with a dash of olive somewhere in there.

Seeing their mother again, and in person was a huge thing, better than all the holidays put into one. Now all they had to do was waiting, and hope that their mother wouldn't be reassigned somewhere else.

"Kingston! You're needed in the office," came in a loud voice over the intercom, pulling Zero out of his trance.

"You better get going Spartan," Hunter sneered.

Zero flipped him off, and then continued on his way to the front office. When he got there, he saw his father, standing next to the principle. His father had a bright smile on his thin face and a metal box in his arms. Zero raised an eyebrow in confusion, but shook it off with a smile and saluted.

"Kingston present, you asked for me sir?" he asked is attention completely on the principle, and not his father next to him.

"You remember Fujiwara from ONI, don't you son?" the principle asked.

"Yes sir," Zero replied.

"I would hope so, so stop acting like you don't!"

"Sir, yes sir!" Zero saluted once more then smiled at the short man

next to his principle. "Dad, why are you here?" he asked.

His father pushed his bangs out of his face then smiled. "Well, i created something well, added something to the MJOLNIR armor, i wanted you to be the first, besides my boss, to see it," he beamed proudly.

Zero's smile didn't fade, it was a big deal considering how much time his father had put in that armor, however, he didn't like where the conversation was going, he knew that any kind of advancement on the armor would have to be tested, and since his sister and himself were the closest thing ONI had to an on field Spartan, most of the time, they would be the ones testing it. At first there wasn't a problem, but every now and then they would encounter that one advancement, that one attachment that wouldn't work according to plan, and it would explode when it made contact with the suit, or blow up when being used, either way Zero was laying belly down onto his bed with his sister applying ointment to his scarred back.

"Dad, is there anyone else that could test it?" He asked as polite and gentle as her could manage. "I really don't want to be sent to the hospital again," he laughed a little in good humor, but was quickly silenced by his principles cold stare.

"I'm afraid not, ONI doesn't want to test their Spartan based equipment on anyone less of a Spartan, I'm sorry son," Fujiwara said apologetically, but Zero knew he wasn't all that sorry, he knew that he was one of the best testers, Zero knew his father knew what he was doing and figured out how far he could push the attachment before it failed under him or blew up.

"It's alright dad i know, where should we test the new attachments?" Zero asked with a light hearted smile.

"You could use the training arena, it's currently empty of all the students, it should provide you with some kind of controlled area," the principle added, a smirk on his pale face.

"Yes, well, that would work just fine, thank you," Fujiwara bowed.

"Zero led his father to the training arena; he was still in the training gear, so it would be easy for him to switch out. All he had to do was unbuckle the latches of his sweaty pain in the ass armor and replace it with the new prototype. While they were walking towards the arena Zero began the process of unlatching and dropping parts of his armor on the floor besides him, the cleanup crew would put it back in its storage unit, he continued walking like nothing was happening, and dusted off his gray body suit as they reached the metal doors of the arena.

"Alright Isaicâ€|."

"Zero," he growled, he hated being called by his real name her preferred his last name or his nickname.

"â€|Right," his father paused. "In this box lays the old armor in your size, the old attachments, and some of the new ones, i want you to go through each one and use them, go as fast as possible when interchanging the attachments," he instructed.

Zero nodded his head and rolled his shoulders. "Let's get started," he said not caring much about what was going on.

"Please take this seriously son, if everything goes well then the new suits, and equipment will be sent to every Spartan alive, it will help them stay alive longer, not only Spartans, but every on field soldier of the UNSC," Fujiwara frowned, visually not pleased with his son's lack of interest in the matter. "It will help your mother live longer as well..."

"I know that, isn't she a Spartan?" Zero snapped, snatching the armor and fiercely slapping them into place.

The other assistant that seemed to have magically spawned into the room had started taking the attachments and was spreading them across the arena, in a maze like pattern. Zero cracked his neck and rolled his shoulders, he had finished latching on the last bit of his armor and was waiting for the green light,

"Andâ€¦.START!" His father called out, as he hit a button on his datapad, recording the time it takes for Zero to change to each attachment.

Zero ran off towards the first one he saw, an old one that he wasn't too crazy about, but useful either way. It was a small attachment that went on the wrist; it allowed the user to use the suits failsafe for a short amount of time, also known as armor lock. He slapped the small device to his wrist then punched the floor, activating the armor lock while he was in a cradled position, a small form of protection if he was being charged at by an enemy vehicle.

"Excellent, now to the next one," his father prompted.

Zero obeyed, and swiftly ran to the next one, a new attachment, that was far smaller than the first; it seemed to be a piece that was meant to be placed in the back of the helmet. He threw off the armor lock, knowing full well what would happen if he tried to use more than one or even have more than one attached to the armor. He then grabbed at the new attachment and tried to find the grooves that would allow it to cleanly attach to the new helmet, once in, which was slower than the last one, he activated it with a blink of an eye. At first he was shocked even though he saw the glowing image of what the attachment did, it still didn't convince him that it would work. A holographic image of himself ran to the closest area, well the last place Zero had seen, and targeted, the hologram had ran in that direction, then stopped, and stood there. Zero acted like he was in a real battle and used the hologram to run to a different spot, which would grab at the attention of his enemies and allow him safe passage to the next attachment.

He removed the hologram attachment from his helmet then reached for the drop shield, which didn't look much like an attachment but more of a revers grenade, but it looked like they had modified the drop shield for Spartans, having another small device which was more on an extra glove then an armor attachment.

"Must have been dad's design, told him it was stupid," Zero huffed, but slipped the glove on and punched the ground activating the

protective and healing dome. The honeycomb patterns flickered a lively blue.

"Fire the rockets," came in Fujiwara's voice.

"What?" Zero didn't know that that was a test, and in the second it took for him to rip off the glove and take the armor lock, he had placed in his pocket, the help that had the rocket launcher fired, and Zero activated the armor lock, lucky for he did, the rocket pierced the drop shield and hit his crouched body.

"That one failed," his father murmured under his breath as he tapped ideally on his datapad.

Zero waited till armor lock ended itself then threw off his helmet and ran to his father; burning rage coated his blood red eyes. His father looked up and smiled.

"Nice way to avoid being hit, he congratulated.

That was the last thing his father said that made Zero snap.

"Are you out of your fucking mind old man!" he demanded.

Fujiwara looked at his son with a dumbfounded look upon his thin face. Never in the seventeen years that he had been raising the child had he ever gotten such disrespect. "Excuse me?"

"What the fuck were you thinking, shooting a fucking rocket at me?" Zero clarified slowing down in speech as if he was talking to a small child who didn't understand.

"It wasn't my decision," his father sighed.

"Not your decision?" Zero's voice squeaked, "Your supposed to care for your kids wellbeing, and instead of saying no, you tell them to shoot a rocket at me, that could have killed me, if i hadn't kept that armor lock!"

Neither spoke for a while then Fujiwara opened his mouth to speak. "I knew you weren't going to die," he said.

Zero made an exasperated sigh, and then glared at him. "Don't you give me that shit, your fucking lucky i didn't die, Spartan or not, mom would have your head if i did," Zero spat then made a motion at his right arm. "You're lucky that i kept that armor lock, a rocket could have killed a Spartan from the range you had fired it at, i had little to no shields and whatever was left in this shit armor was used for armor lock," he flared, and then stormed off. "Find yourself another test dummy I'm done."

His father started speechless at his son's back as he left the arena pushing past anyone who was in his way, and shooting death glares at anyone who thought they could stop him.

3. Caught in between: Doll Kingston

Chapter 3: caught in between; Doll Kingston.

Doll had always been the quiet one out of the pair; she was reserved, and peaceful. Not wishing harm on anyone, however she was no pacifist. Though she wouldn't admit it, the thrill of battle excited her, and gave her a kind of feeling like it was right, like it was what she was meant to do.

The one battle she hated to see, and to be a part of, was the one between her family. There had always been some hostility between her father and brother, and she could feel the anger coming off of her mom every time they even mention their father. Doll didn't know what her dad did to earn her mother's wrath, but she was beginning to figure it out. Her Father wasn't a bad person, he was just too absorbed into his work, and he is single minded, never thinking about anything, or anyone around him, just what was in front of him. He worked so hard on his newest advancements for their mother, trying to keep her alive as long as possible. He lost all care for any of the lives that he has to take care of. It was why for a long time they had had a nanny. By now he knew better then to piss off the mother Spartan, less he wants his balls chopped off, and force fed back to him, and don't put it past Kingston to do something so horrible, she made it very clear when Doll and Zero were five. She would not have something like that be repeated. Fujiwara became so fearful of his past lover that had even gone as far as not seeing their mother, whenever the twins were around. However this never put a dent in his love for her, even though it was clearly one-sided.

This latest mistake her father had made would be, like spilling lighter fluid into bonfire. Doll sighed deeply; she was always the one trying to calm down the fighting. There was nothing she could do to make light of the current situation. Even if she tried, it would only end badly, and she really wanted her mother to be happy when she came to visit.

"This will not go well," she mumbled to herself, as she set the table for two. It was one of the few days her father came home for dinner, one of the few days he even came home. Doll knew, she remembered how often her brother and she would go on for days not seeing their father; they would have to fend for themselves, and get to school on their own. It got so bad child services had threaten to take the twins away. She wanted to make tonight nice, and calm, she wanted to get answers out of her old man. She didn't want to blow up in front of her father, at her father like her brother did.

The front door opened with the familiar click, and slight moan of the door's locks and hinges. Fujiwara walked in exhausted, he was only going to stay for the night, for his daughter's sake. When morning comes however, he would leave, having to work twice as hard to make his advancements compatible. With all honesty, he wouldn't have come home at all if it wasn't for what had happened at the academy, also, Doll was very persistent when demanding that he spend some time away from the office tonight. Sliding off his shoes, he slipped on his slippers and shuffled into the kitchen smiling brightly as the smells of dinner filled the air, and the soft humming of his only daughter danced in his ears.

"That smells great Doll, what are we having?" He asked as he gave his little girl a gentle hug and a kiss on the head.

"Steak, rice, you know the works," she smiled brightly as she finished up.

Placing the food on the table, she took her seat across from her father and started to make her plate, scooping up large servings of whatever it was she wanted. She took a quick glance at her father, wondering what was the best way to approach the situation with him; she knew that he had a stressful day. She also knew that she couldn't sit idly as her father continued to use her twin as a test dummy.

Fujiwara seemed to have noticed his daughter's hesitant behavior. "What is on your mind?" he asked softly, putting down the platter of steak, and looking Doll in the eyes.

Doll blinked then looked down, taking up her fork and knife. "How was your day papa?" she asked.

Her father knew her better than that, he knew that wasn't what she wanted to ask, but he wasn't going to probe into it, he would just play along.

"It was stressful, like always, your brother is rather upset with me, didn't really have that father son bonding time as I had planned," he chuckled sadly.

Doll shot her father an annoyed glance, but quickly replaced it with a gentler look. "You..." she stopped herself from talking again, trying to find a nicer way of saying what was on her mind.

"You what?" Her father asked.

"You shouldn't have shot him with a rocket!" she said hastily, the words spilling over her mouth before she had the chance to stop them. Ashamed she looked down again paying more attention to her food than to her father.

Fujiwara looked up at her with shock; he didn't know she had known about the incident so quickly. Shaking his head and smiling to himself, he guessed he should have known, Doll and Zero had always had a very special connection.

"You know I knew he was going to be safe," he started.

"Mom is coming to visit for the first time since we were five!" Doll interrupted harshly, her voice rising as her anger boiled, but the look on her father's face made her simmer back down to how she was before. "For one day, one damn day I wanted us to be a happy family," she continued.

"Then tell your brother to show some respect, he knew, and I knew, that he wasn't going to die," he said with a joking chuckle.

Doll slammed her utensils on the table and pushed herself up.

"You know, I used to like you," she hissed. "Go fucking die!" she yelled storming off towards the stairs, heading for her room.

Fujiwara sighed deeply, he went over this wrong. He should have known better, Doll was too sensitive, and needed to be spoken to with soft words. If not she would snap, and no one wanted to see her when she

snapped. Doll opened the window of her room and crawled out. She always sat on the roof, normally with her twin. They would stare at the stars, trying to find the star where their mother was by, or which one was theirs. Tonight she was all on her own. She pulled her knees to her chest and rested her forehead on top of them, crying softly into the thick fabric of her jeans.

Her family was breaking apart, everyone hated each other. Her father's love was one-sided. She bet that her father only kept them because they looked so much like their Spartan mom.

Doll took in a deep breath and calmed herself, wiping away the tears she had shed. She then laid down on the cold ceramic tiles of her two story house, her crimson eyes searching the dark sky for the star she claimed as her own. It was easy to find, for the star was the only one whose light shined so bright that it looked like it was holding hands with the star next to it. That was the only way she and her brother were able to find them.

"Brother, I hope you could see the stars too," she whispered. Her eyes softened as she caught glimpse of their star.

* * *

><p>It was about an hour and a half when her father managed to climb up the roof where his Spartan like child had passed out. He smiled softly at her curled up form, taking a colorful blanket from under his arm, and draping it over her. He bent down and moved her bangs so that he could kiss her forehead. He sat down next to her and sighed, looking up at the stars, then the planets two moons.<p>

"Dollâ€|" He paused chuckling to a little at the name. No matter how many times he tries not to, the only smiling face he could see belonging to that name, is his own little girl.

"Damn, you sure have a funny way of saying it's over," he chuckled, bitter sweet.

He remembered when his lover gave him the twins. She had a choice to leave, to be normal, she threw it away and gave the kids to him. Holding his children for the first time, he knew he had to do everything for them. Maybe that's why he had made so many mistakes. He was focusing on the woman, who currently hated his guts, keeping her alive was his priority. If she was alive, then the kids would have a mother, they would be happy no?

He looked down at his daughter, and smiled faintly, he knew he was wrong. Now he just had to fix it. With a heavy sigh he stood up, bending down only to pick up the light weight seventeen year old. It never ceased to amaze him how light she was. He couldn't believe that she only weighed ninety pounds, it was amazing, and one of the few things she didn't share with her brother.

He carried Doll back to her room, and tucked her in. She was so small, so fragile, that she looked like she would break apart in his arms. He knew better though, he knew what she was capable of. More than half of the planet, maybe even the galaxy, knew what she was capable of, it was what the people feared most of them.

"Good night my daughter, sleep well," He whispered before shutting

off the lights and closing the door.

4. A battle won: Jule Vadam

Chapter 4: a battle won. ~Jule Vadam~

Planet seemed the same to Jule, maybe it was because it was occupied by humans, and all human structures and colonies look the same. He walked past the rows of Unggoy; everyone was ready for the fight. More than half of his men will not make it back, he would be lucky if even three of them did. The Unggoy knew this as well, yet they continued to serve.

"Jule!" called out a familiar voice.

Jule turned around, only to be forcefully knocked to the ground by Evvy Vun, the daughter of a dying house, and strongest of her siblings, brothers included. She is the rare and only case where a Sangheili female will see battle away from their home world.

"Hello Evvy," Jule gasped looking up into the bright blue eyes of the Sangheili on top of him.

Evvv got up and pulled Jule up with her. "Hey Jule, did you hear?" she asked.

Jule blinked, an eye ridge lifting in question. "Hear what?" she asked.

"Our squads will be working together, landing in the same area, are you ready?" she asked.

Jule managed a respectful smile and a light bow of his head. "Yes, I hope you can keep up," he said offering her a challenge; something he knew would interest the young woman.

Evvv's eyes sparkled with the challenge. "I didn't get to be commander by just standing around captain," she smirked before she turned swiftly, showing off her modified armor.

Evvv was very special, even her warriors garb was custom-made to her liking. Her bodysuit came in two, lower and upper, exposing her abdomen. The armor itself was cut and formed to fit her body shape. A new kind of belt wrapped around her waist comfortably, a white skirt like backing attached to it. Her helmet covered her mandibles but not to the point where she couldn't talk. The helmet opened up at the back allowing the dark mildly decorated tendrils to flow out freely. The color of the armor itself was a magnificent gold, but that was because she had climbed the ranks, and was one away from being a zealot class. Sadly her current rank was the only one the prophets would allow her to have. They thought it was wrong, if she became a palace guard, or a Zealot class warrior. They claimed that it would produce a spark that other females would try to follow, and there was no place for a female in this war.

Evvv was bound on proving them wrong, though she won't say it out loud, the prophets are strict, she wouldn't give them the pleasure.

Jule respected Eevy, she was brave, and unlike those brutish Jiralhanae she wasn't all talk. So he looked forward to this battle, the opportunity to see Eevy in action was one he didn't want to miss.

As he stood behind the rows and rows of lower class soldiers, he couldn't help but think back to Eevy. He prayed that her drop ship made it on the planet in one piece.

"Reaching atmosphere!" the pilot piped in over the intercom. This was everyone's queue to hold on to something bolted to the ship.

Jule still didn't understand why all pilots were Unggoy, maybe it was because all pilots die first? He cleared his mind, no worries; it would only hinder his performance

"I am a Vadam, I can't show any signs of failure." He said silently to himself.

There were loud explosions on either side of the drop ship, making it rock violently as it tried to dodge the attacks. Trying to protect its cargo from harm, this caused a lot of people to follow suit, normally falling onto someone else.

Jule began to pray again, he didn't want to end up dead like this, without a fight, and so vulnerable. If he was going to die, it would be because a demon had snuffed out his life on the battlefield.

The drop ship shook violently, and then stopped, the sounds of its gun firing meant that it would be a hot drop, and he prepared his plasma repeater and opened his purple eyes, ready for a fight. The long doors of the drop ship opened, ready for the fight. The long doors of the drop ship opened, and everyone inside jumped out, Jule was on of last, allowing the less fortunate to taste the thrill of battle first.

When he touched down he didn't start firing like some of the newer members of his squad. He searched out the enemy, even using his nose; all he got was burnt flesh, fresh blood, mixed in with chemicals and gunpowder.

"Your late Vadamee," sang a sweet, yet harsh voice.

Jule smiled as he heard Eevy over his comms. "Yes well I wasn't piloting," he replied as he started to search out the young Sangheili.

She wasn't too hard to find. All he had to do was look for the shining gold armored Sangheili, with long tendrils flowing behind.

Eevy was one of the few Sangheili to duel wield anything, not that she felt she was better, but because she always thought you shouldn't have an empty hand when fighting, it was a waste. When she touched down on the planet she rolled into action, literally. Activating both energy swords she charged at the closest human by her. She spared no one of her blade, but she believed it was an honor to die on the field, and not to run away and lick your wounds clean.

"You could at least try to watch your back," Jule sighed deeply as he

began leading his troops forward.

"I have already cleared my path before going forward I see no reason to check what I have left."

Jule shook his head. "Eevy, these warriors are not like what we're used to, they will have forces hidden everywhere, and they will attack when your back is turned."

Eevy went silent, yes they have both been on the field, she knew how the humans reacted to situations, but she didn't think that it would happen to her. She had to remind herself that humans, like Sangheili, shoot to kill and leave no room in their hearts for weak sympathy or mercy. Only a warrior's death was what they gave.

"Your right, I'll be more careful," she replied, after Jule repeated her name several times.

"Do you want us to rendezvous somewhere?" he asked.

"Yeah, I'll find the safest area we could use for resting, and I'll send you the coordinates," Eevy smiled.

"Alright, I'll be waiting," Jule nodded his head, turning to face his men to tell them to halt.

"I'll try and be fast."

Eevy took a squad of three skirmishers and another Sangheili to aid her with her scouting, leaving two Sangheili and the rest of their troops behind. She hoped that it would go smoothly. No soldiers to hinder her progress. At the same time though, she wanted their enemy to attack, she wanted to make Jule's passage an easy one.

"Commander, where will we be setting up camp?" asked the other Sangheili.

Eevy looked around, and then closed her eyes, letting the wind rush past her.

"Here, it will rain soon, we need shelter, tell the lieutenant to move his troops into the vacant buildings along with all the resources, I'll tell the captain," she replied.

"Very well commander," the Sangheili bowed his head then walked off to direct, and relay his orders to the waiting lieutenant.

Eevy sighed then activated her com calling in Jule.

"Commander," Came in his tenor voice.

"I have selected a suitable area to make camp in, I'll send you coordinates now, bring everything, and it will rain soon."

Jule paused a moment, "Yes ma'am," he said respectfully, keeping their chat professional, hormones or not, Eevy was his superior officer and of a higher lineage than himself.

"See you soon captain," Eevy ended their conversation then started to

search through the buildings, breaking down doors, and searching for anything that might bring harm to her troops.

"All is clear!" she called out after coming out of the last building.

"You heard her, get in!" the Sangheili next to her ordered.

The skirmishers rushed in, knowing not to keep their superiors waiting.

"Commander, it seems you were right about the weather."

"Well Lual, we can smell it in the air, let's just hope that everyone else makes it here on time."

Jule followed behind the rest of his troops, covering their back as they marched forward. He lifted his nose up to the air, picking up the moist droplets of an upcoming storm. They had to move fast if they wanted to reach Eevy before the storm came in. the only problem was that they were dragging all of their supplies with them. They got to the deserted town by the time the first droplets of the storm began to fall.

"Hurry up, we need to get the crates out of the rain!" he bellowed, his voice becoming deeper with an unknown authority, he honestly thanked his unknown father for.

One of the lower ranks Sangheili jumped, as if he was hearing someone else. He turned quickly and stood at attention; however, seeing that it was just Jule he nodded his head and breathed a sigh of relief. He rushed to get the others inside, and like always Jule stayed behind. He wanted to be sure everything was done; he was the captain of these men. When he got inside he went on all fours and shook violently, trying to rid himself of the water that covered him.

"Come sit by the fire Captain," Eevy greeted, smiling slightly as Jule rose from the ground.

"Thank you commander, but I'll be tending to my men before I tend to myself," Jule bowed respectfully then walked over to an Unggoy who was struggling with one of the ammo crates.

Eevy smiled pleased with Jule, if anyone deserved to be promoted it was him, a Sangheili who cared deeply about his troops. Someone who wasn't a jerk, who took their job seriously. Eevy removed her helmet, shaking her head several times to try and loosen her tendrils before yawning. Like all females, her mandibles were smaller and closer together compared to the males. Her blue eyes were slanted more than her fellow Sangheili. Unlike many females, she carried a rare gene that made the tendrils on top of her head grow longer than the others. It was a hassle to clean, but a rarity she carried with pride.

Her family didn't want her to go to war, but she knew what life was left for her back home and she didn't want her talents to go to waste. She wasn't going to be someone's mate, and used solely for creating children. Jule was the first male to accept her and treat her like an equal, like a warrior, and she was thankful to him for it. That didn't mean, however, that she was falling for him.

She sat by the fire and curled up, ready for a well-deserved sleep. Tomorrow will be hell, and she wanted to be ready for it.

When morning hit everyone was up and running, reading them for battle. One they were sure to win. Jule lived his whole life on little sleep, so he never worried about not getting enough. He checked his weapon again, and then was thrown another plasma repeater. He looked up to see Lual, he smiled, bowing his head, and then walked back to his commander's side. Jule stared at the weapon for a while; he already had a repeater, fully charged with extra batteries in his belt. He wondered why Lual would give him another one. Then it hit him, was Lual expecting him to duel wield? Not everyone could do that; your aim is affected the most when you do.

"Well, I can't really return this, would be rude," he huffed a tad bit frustrated.

Towards the city, they were supposed to meet up with general Kulon. The brute wouldn't be pleased if they were late, and Jule wanted to be late, just to piss the Jiralhanae chieftain off. Eevy wouldn't have it; she worked too hard to be reprehended by a Jiralhanae. The road was mostly clear, with little to no one on it, Other than the alien soldiers.

"This planet will be ours in no time," Eevy smiled, but she was a bit sad. Knowing that there wasn't going to be a big battle sort of put her in a depressing mood.

When they reached the city, it was already up in smoke. Eevy clenched her fists as she heard gun fire, and the smell of war drifted past her nose.

"Damn that monkey!" she screeched her mandibles spreading as she screamed.

"Commander, orders?" Lual asked.

"We go aid that Jiralhanae chieftain, I'm sure he'll need help." Eevy sighed.

"S-213, do you read?"

"I read you loud and clear," the Spartan replied.

"Good, I'm sorry about this, but we need you for evacuations, think you can do it?"

213 paused for a moment, she had promised to be there for her kids, but duty calls. "Yes sir, I'll be able to handle it."

"Those people are counting on you Spartan."

Jule had a sense of foreboding, and wanted to hurry this mission up before it was too late.

"Commander lets hurry up, don't want to die by demon," Jule joked.

"With any luck the demon will kill the fool we we're supposed to rendezvous with, so we could keep moving," Eevy huffed.

Jule enjoyed Eevy's sense of humor, and probably more so today since it was directed to Kulon.

"Which way commander?" he asked.

Eevy took her time in tracking the brute and his forces, but eventually she pointed to the left.

"The battle is leading there, we can take a short cut, and get there half the time it took Kulon," she replied to as quickly as she had said where to go she was off, making for sure she was going the right way.

The rain that came with last night's storm seemed to be coming back, which meant that they would have to hurry. The two knew they had to make every shot count.

"Jule, pick five of your best, the rest will wait here until further notice," Eevy said, turning around to stare into the multi colored eyes of everyone behind her.

"Yes commander!" Jule bowed. This was something he always wanted to do, but was told to wait till he was given the position of zealot. His purple eyes scanned the many faces before him; he would have to pick five other Sangheili. He knew how dangerous that would be, seeing how some races can't seem to function properly without a Sangheili to guide them. He chose two Sangheili, Wolvrn and Dri'lon, warriors of great blood, and three kig yar skirmishers. Sadly, Jule couldn't for the life of him remember what their names were, fact was he forgot the names of everyone's name who wasn't of the same race.

Jule felt ashamed that he was unable to remember the names, but also knew that he didn't have the time, nor did Eevy have the patients to wait to find out.

"Commander."

"Do you have your team?" Eevy asked before setting her helmet back on. Moving her 'hair' out of the way before she clasped the back of the helmet shut.

"Yes commander, we are ready when you are," Jule replied.

Eevy smiled behind her helmet. "Excellent," She said.

The mighty chieftain roared in triumphant victory as he watched the lowly humans run with their tails between their legs. His men were weary though. It may seem good now, that they had won, but they all heard the stories. The lucky ones lived through it, so this retreat may only be something bad, a trap most likely.

"Excellent!" Kulon laughed. "With their warriors running like young whelps we can eradicate the rest of their pathetic population," he snorted, blind to the weary looks coming from his troops.

"It's a trap, always trap," a grunt minor whimpered into his

hands.

"He doesn't think so, let us pray that he is right," the Kig Yar next to him hissed, both trying to avoid being heard by one of the roaming brutes.

Though Kulon so foolishly gave into the wine of his victory, he hadn't noticed a strange scent in the air, nor did he see some of his finest being silently slaughtered. Their bodies hidden from view.

"Bad feeling 'bout this," the grunt minor whispered as he backed up, hitting something hard and warm.

Before he could say anything the unfortunate grunt was silenced by the cold blade of a Spartan's knife.

"Same here friendâ€¦" The Kig Yar looked around, but the grunt he had been talking to seemed to have vanished. Looking around he saw that their numbers had declined greatly and he was the last five out of the twenty who had survived the previous battle.

"G-general," he chirped, but was muffled by a black hand, and a knife in his throat.

Kulon turned around ready to address his men, but there was only a small handful left. Consisting of his second in command, and two grunts.

"What happened to everyone!" he demanded.

The grunts huddled together in a futile attempt to keep safe. Their eyes grew wide as they witnessed the second in command get assassinated by a light blue and purple demon.

"What are you useless fools doing just standing there?" Kulon barked furious at the grunts below. "What are you starrng at?"

The grunts were unable to speak their fear choking their voices.

"I think that would be me," the Spartan smirked behind her helmet.

Kulon turned swiftly to meet the intruder, his grip tightened on the only weapon he had. However no matter how fast he swung or moved, he was still slower than the smaller and thinner demon. With amazing speed and grace, the Spartan kicked the brute as hard as she could in the balls, and then proceeded to shoot at him with a magnum she had on her hip. She aimed at his arms and legs, shooting out the joints making him useless.

"I won't be killed by you demon!" he hissed in pain.

"It's Doll," she spat, annoyed that she will only be known as demon. "and I want my name to be the last thing on your lips before you die, so go on, say it," she darkly before ending Kulon's life with a single bullet in the head, at point blank.

She pushed his body away from her and walked towards the cowering grunts. There was a somewhat satisfied look on her face as she turned

her head to look back on Kulon. "Run," she said as she returned her focus to the grunts before her. "Tell your leader to pull out, or I'll hunt him down myself," she warned.

They didn't hesitate as they ran away from the demon, as fast as their little legs would take them. The Spartan cracked her neck, then started rummaging through the weapons that laid out on the ground, and found the brute's gravity hammer as a worth her time. She had also picked up a few rounds for a plasma repeater, and two more plasma grenades.

"She said what?!" Eevy screeched, not caring to mask her rage, or lower her voice.

"Demon will kill all, did kill all," one grunt whimpered preying that the enraged elite wouldn't take her anger on him.

Eevy paced back and forth, stopping every now and then to cross her arms and stares in the direction she was looking in.

"Something wrong Eevy?" Jule asked.

"Yeah, I don't know if I should thank this demon or go after her," Eevy shook her head, the many tendrils following slightly.

"Should I tell someone about this?" Jule asked.

"No, we go along as planned, no one needs to know that cocky Kulon got himself and almost all of his men killed."

"Yes sir, let's continue then, sir."

With that said the two left the Unggoy to go and lead the rest of their troops, they had to get to meet with the rest of the army, if they wanted to take this planet. They marched through the ruins of a city, the cries of her people echoing in the broken streets.

"They are evacuating," Jule pointed out, more to himself than anyone else.

"Yeah, they won't make it though, they'll be shot down the moment they leave the ground," Eevy reassured.

"So, so what does that mean for us?" Jule asked quietly, feeling a pang of guilt for the lives that will be lost in this fight.

Eevy stayed back turning to Jule, she saw the sad look in his eyes. "Jule, this is war, a battle won or lost, there will always be death," she said taking his hand, and pulling him with her to the front.

Jule smiled slightly, he knew this was what happened, and he went through it long enough for it to make him uncaring about the death of their enemy, even the civilians. He wasn't, he couldn't be like the other's so emotionless and uncaring, and it's why he liked Eevy. She still kept her heart, her emotions, she was still herself.

"Yeah, I know Eevy, let's end this."

End
file.